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Thought and Culture

BY

Charles Laing Herald

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Thought and Culture

BY

CHARLES LAING HERALD.

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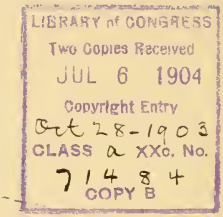

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Dedicated to the memory
of
Leonora Bradshaw
whose
beautiful and refined
life
devoted to the Master
went out for Him
in the
Soudan, Africa

Introduction

by

Fanny J. Crosby

Introduction.

During the month of August, 1901, while attending the Chautauqua Assembly at Tully Lakes, N. Y., it was my privilege to hear one of the most brilliant and fascinating lectures to which I have ever listened. The audience was large and appreciative. The subject of the lecture was "Thought and Culture." From the commencement of the lecture every eye was riveted on the speaker; and when, at its close, he modestly retired from the platform, the round of applause that followed told the enthusiasm which his eloquence had awakened. The lecture was a perfect success. Strength and beauty, power and sublimity, were among its peculiar characteristics; each being made to fit to its peculiar place. In short, it was one of those rare specimens of genius which can stand upon its own merits.

Subsequently, while conversing with its author, Charles Laing Herald, whom I have the honor to rank among my choice circle of friends, I ventured to suggest the imperative duty that his lecture be published in book form, which I knew would be a stepping stone to his future usefulness. I am happy to learn that through the advice of others also he has at last consented to accede to our request.

This book speaks for itself. It needs no eulogy to adorn its pages; and it is my earnest wish that I may be spared to place my wreath of laurels on the brow of its worthy author, and congratulate him upon the success of his labors.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Bridgeport, Conn.
1901.

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I.

Definition of Culture.

Do you think that all the cultured people of the world live in Boston? I have met cultured people in Canada and Great Britain; in Denmark, Holland and Russia; I have met cultured people even in France. Do you think that all the cultured people of America live in Boston? I have met cultured people in Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia; I have met cultured people even in Chicago.

You will agree with me, I am sure, when I say that we should understand our terms. Culture is a term not clearly understood; consequently a term that is very much abused. Culture is character; character strengthened, beautified, and refined. We may have character without culture, but it is not possible to have culture without character. Culture, then, is

the strengthening, the beautifying, and the refining of character.

Strength is completeness in all its parts, and weakness in none of its parts. You would not regard a character as strong if one of the cardinal virtues was lacking. He is a strong character, but he is dishonest; he is a strong character, but he is envious; he is a strong character, but he is useless. There is discord here; there are contradictions here. Again, strength in all its parts is just as essential as completeness in its parts. A union of all the virtues but weakness in the virtues destroys the confidence of strength. The strengthening of character, then, is the broadening, the deepening, and the heightening of what is strong comparatively, and adding what is lacking, until there is weakness in none of the parts, and until there is completeness in all the parts.

There is beauty in strength; the beauty of strength. But strength unrelieved by infinity, repose, moderation, and other elements of beauty, is not beautiful. Last summer I was boating on the Vermilion

river. The river ran between cliffs of solid rock at least one hundred feet high; age, permanence, strength, were suggested; storm and tempest, ocean wave and centuries of time could not remove those mighty cliffs. Now, take from them the moss and the ferns, the wild flowers and the shrubbery; take from them the music of the little streams of water running down, and the rainbows that danced and sparkled in the spray; take from them the refreshing shade and the welcome rest, and there is nothing left but a sad barreness, — strength but not beauty. So some characters.

Why do you call that character beautiful? We are told that it is not possible to define beauty. I believe it. I have tried and failed. I find that others have tried and failed. We may, perhaps, be able to analyse beauty, — separate and name its elements. We may bring its elements together. Now, define, if you please, the combination, the synthesis.

Any poem, painting, or character, that leaves a lasting impression, we are told, is beautiful.

There is in beauty an element of infinity. Why is the setting sun so beautiful? Is it because we are carried away we do not know where? We are carried out of ourselves. You have stood upon the sea shore? How suggestive! What thoughts are provoked! Oh, the vastness, the infinity. We do not admire the character that we comprehend at once; there are no depths, no heights; limitation, finitude. When we reach the limit of a man's character our sense of beauty is gone.

In a beautiful character we recognise the element of repose. We hear "I am" from the Divine. We hear "I am becoming" from the human. Which is the more beautiful? The consciousness that we are in the path of rectitude, that we are established in rectitude, is repose. I am right is the strength of character; it is also the beauty. This need not be expressed to be seen and understood. Ruskin says, "No work of art can be great without repose; and all art is great in proportion to the appearance of it. Repose is the unfailing test of beauty; nothing

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can be ignoble that has it, nothing right that has it not." What a picture the crossing of the Red Sea would make. Look at it. Which is the most prominent element of beauty in the picture? Let me suggest. "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." Am I not right? Repose!

The divine Being has powers within Himself,—infinite powers. There is with Him always reserved power. What if He should exercise this power? He lives within Himself. He is goverened by the laws of His own being. We might do many things; the doing of them, however, would be excess. We must restrain ourselves. We must live within law. We must live in harmony with ourselves, with one another, with nature, and with the Divine. Whenever we fail to do this, this is ugliness. Beauty is harmony. Ugliness is the opposite of beauty. The man who is out of harmony with himself, with God, is ugly. Would you say that the man who is not a christian is ugly? The lack of moderation is the destruction of beauty in everything; in color, form,

motion, thought, language, character; in color, glaring; in form, inelegance; in motion, ungraceful; in thought, undisciplined; in language, coarse; in deed, dissipation; in all, unchasteness. Infinity, repose, and moderation are three necessary and prominent elements in a beautiful character.

Refinenment is the opposite of coarseness and vulgarity. It is somewhat difficult for me to state the difference between beauty and refinement; there is a diffenence. Many men have strong sensibilities but are lacking in delicacy. They are deeply impressed with such beauty as they perceive, but they perceive only what is coarse and conspicuous. The man of refinement, on the other hand, has not only strength of feeling but also a quick and nice perception. He sees differences and distinctions that are lost upon others; neither the most concealed beauties nor the minutest blemishes escape him. He has a keen sense and appreciation of the beautiful. He is a man with a refined taste. All men have some taste, but all

men do not have a refined taste. The unrefined are delighted with masses of bright colors, boisterous songs, sensational novels and extravagant language; such are to them correct representations of art and human life. Whereas the man with a refined taste seeks and finds the very best in nature, language, music, morals, religion, — in everything. When he looks into a picture he perceives the beauty in its finest shadings; he is also moved by the moral qualities expressed in the beauty; and he makes these moral qualities his own. There is a keen perception and appreciation of the beautiful, a delicacy of feeling aroused by this perception of the beautiful, and the appropriation of the beautiful into his own life. So also when he reads a good book, or meets a beautiful character; there is keen perception, delicacy of feeling, and appropriation. I think that you understand what I mean by a refined taste. I am sure that if it means anything it must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to

love and reverence all beauty.

This refinement is largely a matter of cultivation. Permit me, then, to enter a protest to-night against coarseness and vulgarity. Both are out of keeping with true culture. How many characters, otherwise beautiful, are marred, rejected, because of these unhappy elements.

We all admire strength of character. We are all desirous of possessing strength of character. We believe that thought and character are the only realities in the world, except the Divine; all else will be destroyed. And, yet, we have seen strong characters that we did not admire. The reason was lack of beauty and refinement. John Knox, the Scotch reformer, was a tower of strength. His power made the affable and charming, but deceitful and impure Queen of Scotland to weep, and her throne to tremble. But we do not care to have John Knox as our ideal. He was austere, severe, unrelenting. It is quite true that he was just the man for his day and age; indeed, the day and age produced the man. We do not have such

men to-day simply because the influences at work do not produce such men. Great men, if not all men, are the product of their age.

I think that no man, except it is the immortal George Washington, is dearer to the American heart than Abraham Lincoln. When you think of Lincoln you think of a giant; you think of a large, tender heart, lively, full sympathies, and a marvelous intellect; but at the same time you think of awkardness and a lack of polish. The life within him was allowed to grow without much thought of its culture. Lincoln was a thorough gentleman in heart but not in culture. He was too busily engaged in the service of his country to pay much attention to the niceties of life. Now, we do not lay much stress on polish when compared with the condition of the heart, — the condition of the heart is supreme. A man must be a gentleman in heart before he can be one in culture. We gratefully acknowledge the superior intellect and benificent heart of this great man; while,

at the same time, we cannot help feeling some regret that he did not pay more attention to culture so that he might be our ideal in all things.

While attending the University I roomed for two years with one of the noblest young men in heart you ever met. He was home-spun. He came from a small farm. He was poor. When in society he was utterly embarrassed; so much so, indeed, that he did not know how to ask a young lady for the pleasure of escorting her home. A young man who does not know that much is not very highly cultured. We were at a swell affair together. I was horrified to see Jim eating with his knife. Next day I said to him, "Jim, you should not put you knife in your mouth while eating." His reply was, "Where shall I put it, in my eye?" The heart was there; the life and the spirit were there, but not cultivated. I am happy to say that he became one of the most highly cultured gentlemen ever graduated from the halls of that University.

Someone has said that culture is the developing of the best that is in man. This definition would be accepted, perhaps, if we were convinced that what was in the man is the very best; if not it would be very unwise to develop it. Rather, culture is the filling a man with the very best; the man assimilating this, making it a part of himself, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; then living it out in a strong, beautiful and refined character.

How many there are who seem to be under the impression that knowledge is culture. Knowledge is an essential element in culture; knowledge of nature, knowledge of good and great men, knowledge of the Divine. Culture without knowledge is impossible; culture limited to knowledge is most undesirable. A man may be very intelligent and yet be a scamp. Some of the most villianous men whose lives have been a curse to the world have been men possessing large stores of knowledge. Those holding this view of culture declare, of course, that

culture is posssible for only the few, because the knowledge essential to culture is attainable by only the few. Culture is possible for all; is, indeed, the duty of all; and the knowledge essential to culture is attainable by all. And, further, this knowledge is not the storing away in the brain a large number of facts; nor is it the training of the mind to deep, clear, logical thinking; but it is the knowledge, the moral and spiritual perception, and adaptation, of the good and true.

Then, again, you will agree with me when I say that there is a class of people called, and rightly called, the vulgar rich. They are everywhere; we are annoyed by them everywhere; we are amused by them everywhere. I was riding in a street car in the city of Chicago. The car was crowded. A lady entered; a lady profusely adorned with gold and diamonds, and dressed in the finest gown. No one offered her a seat. She stood and scowled. Presently a gentleman arose and offered his seat. The lady bowed awkardly and said, "Thank you, you are

a gentleman; all the rest is hogs." We were all impressed with the wealthy appearance of the lady, but none of us were impressed with her culture.

Furthermore, culture is the developing, beautifying, and refining of the whole man. We are not to be cultured in spots; our whole beings must come under this gracious influence. Too little attention is paid to this specific view of culture. Our minds, our voices, our fingers are cultivated while other parts of our being, just as important, are suffered to take care of themselves. A young lady, and, by the way, a very pretty young lady, was sitting at the piano in my home one evening; she was rapidly becoming an accomplished musician; her heart and soul were in the study of music. While she was sitting at the piano I asked her to play for me one of Chopin's compositions. Her reply was, "Gee-whiz! I hav'nt played that thing for a coon's age." After making this elegant and refined reply she charmed me with her interpretation of the soul of this great composer.

Now, you at once detect in this case a development in only one direction to the sad neglect of others far more important. I had it in my heart to say to this young lady: Will you not give at least some attention to other things as well as to music.?

And, now, I am convinced that you are not satisfied with my definition of culture. Will you be if I go one step further? Culture is not wealth. Culture is not knowledge. Culture is not the covering up of my sinful nature. Culture is not the polishing of my sinful self. Culture is the becoming of all that is true, pure and good. Culture is being, not having. Culture is a growth, not an accumulation. We become holy; this is life. I have determined to develop a strong, beautiful, and refined character. But how can I possibly succeed with this sinful nature unchanged? With it I am handicapped, defeated. If I try to cover it, it is bound to crop out. If I seek to polish it, the polish will rub off. If I attempt to destroy it, it will ever raise its ugly head. If

I build upon it, the superstructure will totter and fall. Culture without regeneration is an impossibility. In regeneration the Spirit of God comes to us, destroys this evil nature by giving to us His own divine nature. On this we build. The height of a pinnacle is determined by the breadth of its base. No character can be loftier than the breadth and depth of its foundation permits. In my University town there was a large, magnificent, catholic cathedral, unfinished. The foundation laid was not sufficient to carry the lofty spire intended. A character built on a nature not regenerated by the Spirit of God will never be finished; but a regenerated nature is a sure foundation, and will carry the loftiest and most magnificent superstructure. Culture, then, is the strengthening, beautifying, and refining of the regenerated nature.

Think of the strongest, the most beautiful, and the most refined christian character, man or woman, that you have ever met, and you have my thought of culture. If you have not been so fortunate as to

meet a strong, beautiful, and refined christian character, imagine one, if you can, and you have my thought of culture.

II.

The Relation of Thought to Culture.

What is the relation of thought to culture? It is a vital relation. Culture is the product of thought. We are what we think. Let me take you to a dinner. The guest is a man given to appetite. The host is miserly. While the guest eats the host begrudges him what he eats. The host, however, must appear generous and hospital so says to his guest, "Eat and drink," but he does not mean it. Now, this man's character is not known by what he says but by what he thinks. The Bible tells us that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. The stingy, insincere disposition of this man is the product of his thought.

All that is seen was first the unseen. All that is in the material world was first in the world of thought. The material

world was in the mind of the Creator before it was in time and space. The material world is simply the expression of a divine thought. The dense forest and the delicate flower, the towering mountain and the grain of sand, the mighty ocean and the dew drop, all the expression of a divine thought. So in regard to man: That house he built, that engine he constructed, that railroad he laid; all were in thought before they were what now they are.

Luther, the reformer; Gladstone, the statesman; Webster, the lawyer; Agassiz, the scientist; McCosh, the philosopher; and Hodge, the theologian; all these men are the product of thought. These men thought they would be what they became. They determined to be and so they were.

Here is a man generous and kind, gentle and forgiving, temperate and useful — anything or all that is good; he is what he thinks. There is a man, a liar, gambler, impure, malicious — anything or all that is bad; he is what he thinks. This is a great truth. A Spanish proverb

is, "He who sows thoughts will reap acts, habits, and character." This is quite true. Our character is determined by our thinking. Change your thinking and you change your character. Let any man who is indifferent to his duty, unambitious, careless, useless, change his views of himself, of life, and of God, and within a year it will be said of him, What a change! The converse is true. Let any man entertain unworthy thoughts and he will become intemperate, lazy, disrespectful, vicious; and within a year it will be said of him, What a change! How sad! Our thoughts are the architects of our characters. These architects are unceasingly at work building or tearing down, strengthening or weakening, beautifying or marring, refining or making vulgar.

I know a young man who a few years ago was with his father on a small, poor farm. A thought came to this young man; it was encouraged; other thoughts came and were encouraged. These thoughts took possession of him. He is

to-day one of the most highly educated men in the church, and holds an honored position among the missionaries of the Son of God.

I know another young man, the son of a mechanic. He was heedless, unambitious, useless. Thoughts came to this young man from a young girl nobler than he. These thoughts were entertained. They did their work most effectually. This young man now sits in a professor's chair in a large medical college.

I lectured in the city of Chillicothe, Ohio. I was entertained in one of the homes. My hostess showed me a picture of Lincoln's log cabin home. She showed me also, by way of contrast, a picture of the White House. What a change from the log cabin to the White House! The thoughts of Lincoln carried him from one to the other.

Joseph when a boy had dreams of future good and greatness. These dreams set him at the right hand of Pharaoh on the throne of Egypt.

If I am an unbeliever to-night and

change my thoughts my changed thoughts will lift me out of Hades and set me at the foot of the throne on High.

When Leonardo de Vinci was painting his celebrated picture "The Last Supper," he saw in the choir of the cathedral at Milan a young man whose face was most beautiful. This face was put into the picture as the face of the divine Saviour. For ten years Leonardo looked for a face to put into the picture as the face of Judas the traitor. In a prison cell in Rome he saw a face. This face was put into the picture as the face of Judas. While the crowds were admiring the finished picture it was discovered that the two faces put into the picture were the face of the same person; — the singer in the choir and the convict in the prison. Evil thoughts in ten years had wrought the change.

If the great Plato is right all things in the universe arrange themselves under three terms, the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. The Good is the basis of religion; the True is the basis of science;

the Beautiful is at the base of all that appeals to the imagination. The Good appeals to the moral nature; the True appeals to the intellectual nature; the Beautiful appeals to the aesthetic nature. Which of these is the most important? Is one more important than another? Which is absolute? and which is relative? Which is the substance? and which is the form? Dr. Shedd declares that the answer to this question is vital; so vital, indeed, that it decides the whole style and character of human culture, individual and national. Would you place the Good and the True first? If so this thought will produce a certain type of character and culture. Would you place the Beautiful first? If so this thought will produce a certain type of character and culture. If you place the Good and the True first the product will be severity and strength, growth and grandeur. If you place the Beautiful first the product will be luxury and enervation, decline and fall. The Good and True are absolute; the Beautiful is relative. The

Good and the True are the substance; the Beautiful is the form. We must have the substance in order to have the form. Now, if we worship the Beautiful divorced from the Good and the True the product will be, as I have said, luxury and enervation, decline and fall. This is just what the Greek did. The Greek had an intensely aesthetic nature, he worshipped the Beautiful, the Beautiful divorced from the Good and the True. The Greek in his adoration of the form lost sight of the substance. This was his misfortune; this was his decline and fall. Emerson says: "As soon as Beauty is sought, not from religion and love, but from pleasure it degrades the seeker." Men have sought beauty of form in women regardless of the good and true. Such men are sorry they had not been more thoughtful. We men will never learn that a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; that it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; that it is the finest of the fine arts. The Greek, then, stands forth in the annals of history

as the lover of Art, the worshipper of the Beautiful — the Beautiful divorced from the Good and the True. The result has been most unhappy, the product most undesirable. The product, however, was the legitimate fruit of the Greek thought.

I have just spoken of the Greek character as the product of thought. Let me now speak of the Roman character. There is such a contrast between the Greek and the Roman, and such a lesson in the contrast. We admire the simplicity and the severity, the justice and the dignity of the Roman character. Would you look for the nobility and power of the Roman character in his aesthetical nature? I think not. Which is the greatest period in the history of Rome? The nobility and power of Roman character, and Roman nationality, is to be found before the third Punic war. The toughness and the hardness, the severity and the strength of the Roman character, that kept Rome alive during her home and foreign conflicts, found its origin among

the mountains, amid the great thoughts of nature, and was perfected by hardships in the forests of Central Italy. The intellectual and moral elements, not the aesthetic, lay at the roots of the political power and the greatness of Rome.

Why, then, did Rome fall? Conquest led to the increase of wealth, increase of wealth led to the increase of luxury; increase of luxury led to the cultivation of the aesthetic nature; and the cultivation of the aesthetic nature, apart from the Good and the True, was the fall of Rome. Rome conquered Greece, and by conquest Rome gained not only the domains of Greece, but also, to a great extent, Grecian thought. This acquisition of Grecian thought was the destruction of Rome.

Let us now turn to France for evidence that character is the product of thought. The empiricism of Locke crossed the English Channel from England into France. This thought swept and devattated France as the plague of locusts swept and devastated the land of Egypt. The philosophy of Locke is materialistic.

The mind is void; it does not have innate ideas; the mind receives its ideas from the objective world; nothing is in the mind which was not first in the object; there is no thought apart from the sensuous. Indeed, Locke did not hesitate to say that the material prevails over the intellectual. Indeed, he did not hesitate to say that the mind is material. The French carried the philosophy of Locke to its final analysis. Let me give to you some of the ultimate thoughts of this philosophy: Faith in God is as groundless as it is fruitless: The world will not be happy until atheism has been universally established: The soul is nothing but a mere name: Immortality is nothing more than to live in the thoughts of coming generations: Man is a perfect animal; a brute is an imperfect man: Sensuous pleasure and pain, in other words, selfishness is a natural moral principle. What was the influence of this thought on the morals of France? Moral disaster, of course. Is it true that a man is what he thinks? If so, let me

give to you in a few words the product of Locke's empiricism in France. The social life of France became diseased; the court became licentious; the state sank into unbridled despotism; the church became a hierarchy as hypocritical as it was powerful. In short, France became socially, politically, morally and religiously rotten. And this disgraceful condition was the product of the thought of France.

There have been three sturdy classes of people in the religious and political worlds, namely, the Covenanters, the Huguenots, and the Puritans. To these people we owe much. These are the people who have saved the church from death, the state from chaos, and the world from destruction. Each class has left its impress upon the world's history and civilization. These people will never be forgotten because the world will never cease to enjoy the fruits of their lives. These people were the product of two or three clearly defined thoughts.

No intelligent man will deny that re-

ligious truth, christian truth, is the basis of all that is good in art, literature, and the morals. The reception of christian truth is the reception of life, growth and grandeur — all that is strong, beautiful, and refined.

The study of the influence of creeds on character is an interesting one; in other words the study of the influence of religious thought on character and culture. Creed is the formal, concise statement of religious thought and belief. It is without doubt a fact that different creeds produce different types of character. This goes to verify the statement that we are what we think. Dr. Warfield said, "The type of religious life that grows up under preaching is determined by the nature of the preaching." That is to say, the type of religious character is in keeping with the nature of religious thought. This is so evident that no one will even think of denying it.

We all know that the different denominations present different phases of religious truth. Do the different denomi-

nations produce different types of character? They do, indeed. This is so true that we readily detect the different types by their personal appearance. You can pick a preacher out of a crowd; you can pick him out and tell to what denomination he belongs. The Episcopalian is in the air, — upish, high church, apostolic succession. You can see the fire flash in the eyes of the Methodist. The Baptist goes about looking for water, and has a wet appearance. The Presbyterian looks to the earth, believing, "once in grace, always in grace;" thus he is sure of heaven so is attending strictly to the affairs of earth. The first schools of philosophy believed that air, fire, water, and earth were the beginning of all things. The Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian believe that air, fire, water, and earth are the end of all things.

Abraham gave to the world Monotheism, — one God. What an influence this one thought has had upon the civilization and culture of the world. Jesus

of Nazareth gave to the world the brotherhood of man. What an influence this one thought has upon the civilization and culture of the world. Martin Luther saved Germany, Switzerland, and the Netherlands with this thought: Justification by faith. John Knox saved Scotland with this thought: The Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and practice. Oliver Cromwell destroyed root and branch in Great Britain the claim for the divine right of Kings, and so saved the British Isles. The epochs of history, secular and religion, have been brought about by the introduction of a new thought, or the revival of an old one, in church or state. Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind. And when the same thought occurs to another man, it is the key to that era. Every reform was first a private opinion; and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age.

I heard two men on the train discussing politics. What an interesting and edifying discussion. The one was a

republican, the other a democrat. The republican said, "Every criminal in our penitentiaries is a democrat." He offered to prove this rather startling assertion by betting five dollars. The money argument would, of course, be conclusive. This republican assertion made me think. I asked myself if there were any principles in the democratic platform that would land those in the penitentiary who accepted them. If I become a democrat is the tendency of democratic belief toward the penitentiary? I know some democrats who are not in the penitentiary, — but they should be. Do the principles of the republican party, if they have any, tend to keep a man out of the penitentiary? I am surprised that more republicans are not in the penitentiary believing as they do.

Thus, this truth that a man is what he thinks is recognized where you would least expect any truth to be recognized, namely, in the political world.

Will my thoughts carry me where I think of going? Yes, they will. However, do not overlook the fact that I

speak only of character. All these good and great thoughts are from God. He would not hold out to us impossibilities. And there is simply no limit to nor possibilities in this direction. I could not become a great mathematician no matter how much I thought about it and desired it. And, yet, it is possible for me to become a most worthy man. Not one gentleman in this audience may ever be President of this Republic no matter how much we may think about it and desire it. We may never be wealthy or popular. But what are these? Only means to the end, — the higher end of character. I refer, then, only to character. Whatever we think of being in this sense we may and will become. I may fail in other things; I shall not in this. Here, then, is something definite, possible, certain for me. Whether I succeed in other things or not I shall not fail in this. Therefore my life shall not be a failure. Then let me look high. Let me build the foundation broad, deep, and strong, so that it will carry the magnificent superstructure rising upon it as the months and years go by.

III.

Sources of Thought: Nature.

If thought has such an influence on culture the necessity of having the best, and highest, and purest thoughts is self-evident. If we are what we think then to be high we must think high; to be pure we must think pure; to be refined our thoughts must be refined. As I look over this audience I see the products of thought. If I knew you more intimately I could almost tell what you think from what you are. Is not this true? Some are high; others are going higher. Some, perhaps, are low; others are going lower. We are forever receiving impressions. All that we see and hear speaks to us. We are forever hearing voices from nature, books, persons, and the Divine. These voices are calling us to stronger, more beautiful, more refined lives. Other

vioces, I am sorry to say, are calling us away from what is good and true. We receive thoughts from this or that object, from this or that book, from this or that person, and from the Divine. These thoughts enter our lives and determine our character, and so decide our destiny.

I walk out and see the sun and the sky, the horizon and the landscape, the flowers and the foliage, the shrubbery and the trees, the streams and the rivers, the lakes and the oceans, the mountains and the valleys. I hear the birds in the trees, I see the fishes in the streams, I see the cattle upon a thousand hills. And as I thus see and hear, I call to mind the words of the astronomer, "Give me matter and motion and I shall construct the universe." No, no, you cannot. If you had matter and motion you would not have life. Life is more than matter in motion. I see life everywhere; rather, I see the manifestations of life everywhere. Whence its origin? Life produces life, it is true; but the non-living does not produce the living. The great scientist

Darwin recognized this truth. But when he went back, and back, to the beginning of things, where he should have concluded that life must have come from a self-existent Being, he stopped and said: "There is a great gulf here — a great gulf between the non-living and the living that I cannot pass over. I pass over this gulf; and in passing over this gulf I reach the Divine. He is self-existent. He is life. And He is the source of life to all created things. Thus even the recognition of life in nature leads me to the Divine. And the recognition of the Divine is the foundation, the begining, of a strong, beautiful, and refined character.

The hills have a wonderful charm for some minds. Byron said, "To me high mountains are a feeling." Have you ever been among the hills? Have you ever stood at the foot of a mountain, looked up, and tried to look over? What quiet abiding dignity! What stability! The Divine is as the everlasting hills. Do you know that hill countries have a

marked influence on thought and culture? Moses, before his education was completed, and before he was ready for the great work of his life, had to be sent from the Egyptian university to the wild, hilly country of Sinai. Moses lived for forty years in the presence of those rocky, craggy peaks; in the silence and solitude of that awful place he learned lessons he would not have learned elsewhere, and he added elements of strength to his character he would not have added under other influences.

You have heard, I am sure, about the hills of Scotland. — "The bonny hills of Scotland." Perhaps you have seen them. The Scotch have absorbed the stability of their hills. When Napoleon at Waterloo hurled his guard against the squares of highland soldiers he might as well have hurled his guard against the hills of Scotland; his guard trembled with the shock and was shattered to pieces.

Oftentimes our hearts ache because of the inequalities in life. I find that nature helps to heal my heartaches. As I go

down into the valleys and up upon the mountains I observe a slow but mighty law at work, — the law of levelling. The mountains and the hills are being washed down into the valleys, into the rivers, and into the ocean; and the rivers, and the valleys are being filled. The mountains are being brought low, and the valleys are being exalted. The observation of this law of levelling carries me in thoughts away from human ambitions, strife, and oppression; to the time and place, when and where, all wrongs will be righted, the proud humbled, and the humble exalted.

If there is one pleasure that I enjoy more than another it is a drive, or a walk, along the banks of a river. I prefer, however, to be alone. Between the hills, under a bridge, a river ran; not a house, not a person in sight; the sun had set; the birds were singing their evening hymn; lonely and sad I stood on the bridge, and watched the deep, flowing river. I heard a voice, "Oh, that thou hadst hearkened unto me, then hadst thy

peace been as a river." I was grateful for these words at this time. I determined to hearken. Then there was a peace as a river. And, then, my thoughts carried me to a river clear as crystal flowing from underneath the Throne of God.

Have you ever been at the sea shore? Have you ever crossed the ocean? I have, many times. Oh, thou unconquered, unreposed, and untired ocean, we hear thy voice rolling like the wild, profound, eternal bass in nature's anthem. As we look upon thee and try to grasp, limit, confine thee our efforts return upon ourselves. And so we ponder upon thine infinitude. And this infinitude of thine is a revelation, — revelation of thy Creator. And as we try to fathom thy depths we are reminded that His judgments are a great deep.

Emerson says that in every landscape the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, — the horizon. This is very sugestive of thought and feeling. The effort of all good people is to bring heaven and earth together. Let

heaven touch the earth, and let the earth touch heaven, as sky and earth touch at the horizon. This thought aided by the clearer, fuller thought of the Incarnation, the God-man, lifts me, fills me. The Son of God came to earth. He became flesh, and he has taken human nature with Him to heaven. The Divine and the human are united in Him; they are forever united in Him. In human form He sat down upon the Throne; and in human form He, the God-man, shall remain upon the Throne forevermore.

I could not pass the flowers by. You do not pass them by. In our walks we always stop to admire the flowers, and catch their odor. The flowers are messengers of beauty, delicacy, and love. To Wordsworth, "The meanest flower that blows could give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Little flower, I hold you here, root and all, in my hand. If I could understand what you are, root and all, and all in all, I should understand what God is, and what man is. The flowers have dried many tears, gladdened

many hearts, prevented many vicious deeds, and beautified many lives. Whence their beauty? The beauty of the flower, like all beauty, is derived. The flower derives its beauty from the sun. And as the flower takes its beauty from the sun, so we take beauty from the flower and add to our culture. The flower derives its beauty from the sun; so we derive our beauty from the Sun of Righteousness. What the sun is to the flower, the Lord Jesus is to our souls.

Now, do I not have a right to these thoughts from nature? Do I not have the right to make them mine for the purpose of developing, beautifying, and refining of my life? Agassiz saw markings on rocks in the State of Maine; these markings led him to the glacial period. Columbus saw pieces of driftwood brought to the shore; this led him to America. Rubens accepts the suggestions of a few colors in nature; and, now, the art galleries of Europe are adorned with his magnificent visions. Bethoven heard a few sounds in nature; and, now,

we can hear his heavenly symphonies. Now, if marks on a rock led Agassiz to the glacial period; if pieces of driftwood led Columbus to America; if Rubens has filled the galleries of Europe with magnificent visions suggested by colors in nature; and, if Bethoven has filled the world with heavenly symphonies suggested by sounds in nature, why may not nature lead me to the eternal Father, give to me visions of His holy habitation, and fill my soul with heavenly symphonies?

I lectured in the city of Toledo, Ohio. I met a gentleman from Wisconsin who asked me if I had ever visited the Dells in the Wisconsin River. He asked me if I cared to know how he felt as he looked up through the cañons. "I felt," he said, "as though I ought to fall on my knees and worship Someone; give to Someone the credit for such magnificent workmanship." Thus thoughts from nature almost forced this man on to his knees, — a worshipper.

I know very well that many persons

pass through this world without seeing any of its beauty. We may, of course, reach the end of our journey with a lantern; but we shall not see as much as does the man who walks in the light of the sun. If the end of our journey is all that we seek the lantern will do; but if we seek to enjoy our journey, and finish it with as much enrichment for ourselves as possible, let us walk in the full light of the sun. "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God; But only he who *sees* takes off his shoes: The rest sit around it and pluck blackberries" — Mrs. Browning.

Other persons see only the utility of the world; they see only what it yields for themselves in a lower sense apart from culture. Well, I must admit there is much in nature for the Utilitarian. See that pig wallow! hear him grunt! — ham and eggs. The cattle upon a thousand hills, — sirloin steak smothered in onions. What a pretty sight is a flock of sheep! — boiled mutton and caper sauce. See that flock of geese swaggering to-

wards the pond for divers reasons? see them coming out of the pond for sundry reasons? — goose and apple sauce. Thus we may view nature from the different sides of our own natures. The objective world touches the nature of man everywhere; and from whatever side of our nature we seek, we find. The study of nature for the purpose of culture is fruitful and rich. She has much for us. It is well to commune with her at times. Nature has many great, grand, beautiful thoughts for those who will listen to her voice. Sometimes let us go away from ourselves, from one another, from the superficial ways of society, and from the bread and butter of life. Let us go where the birds live and sing; where the trees and shrubbery grow and utter their silent messages; where the streams and rivers run and sparkle; and where the hills rise up to welcome us to their presence. There are messages here; God is here, and here we shall oftentimes find the depths of our own beings. "One impulse from the vernal wood may teach

you more of man, of moral evil and of good than all the sages can." —Wordsworth.

But this is not all that I mean by our surroundings. I include also our homes. We cannot enter a home without receiving impressions though a word is not spoken. We must not deny the influence of a refined home on thought and culture. I mean what is in the home; not the persons in particular, but the furnishings. It is not possible for us all to have elegant homes; and, besides, an elegant home is not essential to culture, although very helpful. Ben Johnson, the English writer, was poor, and lived in an alley. One of Johnson's enemies remarked to a friend of his, "Why Johnson lives in an alley." When Johnson heard of this unkind remark he said, "Go tell that man that his soul lives in an alley." Now, if we are obliged to live in homes that are not very elegant this is no reason why our souls should live in an alley. Sometimes we find the purest and sweetest characters in very humble homes,

However, such homes as we have, let them be to us all that is possible. Let our own rooms in which we spend at least a third of our lives suggest to us all that is clean, pure, and religious. We cannot separate the pure and the good from the beautiful. If we dwell habitually among beautiful thoughts we shall become imbued in mind and feeling with their beauty. The silent influence of a single aesthetic object does more to refine a character than a houseful of spurious imitations, gaudy knacks, or silly novelties; hence the force of Tennyson's lines:—

"To look on noble forms makes noble, through the sensuous organism. That which is higher."

I would like to speak a word of warning to parents against the careless way many have of furnishing and keeping the rooms of their children. Many parents seem to think that anything is good enough for the children, especially for the boys. This is a sad, fatal mistake. The boy enters his room; bare floor, perhaps; no pictures on the walls, no books

on the table, the furniture not dusted, the bed not made, the lamp chimney as black as night. How empty! How uninviting! How lonely! Nothing here to hold the boy; nothing here to influence him for good. There is no message here of self-control, purity, religion. He will not stay. He will go where he is welcome. He will go where there is brightness and cheer. He will go where he will hear messages of intemperance and impurity, messages of vulgarity and profanity. He will go where there are pictures on the walls, pictures, the suggestion of which, will leave the trail of the serpent across his soul.

We do live our thoughts. We are what we think. We are to a very great extent the counterparts of our environment.

IV.

Sources of Thought: Books.

A man is known by the books he reads as well as by the company he keeps. Indeed, books are largely our company, and their influence is very marked. Let me speak of good books only. It seems a waste of time to speak to those who are so superficial and so unpromising as to read books that are not good. Sentimental, superficial reading produces such thoughts, and such thoughts produce such characters.

The influence of an evil book cannot be estimated. How many persons have been deceived, destroyed by them. They poison the mind; they pollute the heart; they incite to evil; the end is death. Let me simply remind you of the power of an evil book, and the destruction they work. I refer especially to a book entitled "The

Prince," written by Machiavelli, an Italian. This book in its day worked such wide spread destruction that its author has been called "the tempter;" "the Evil Principle;" "the discoverer of ambition and revenge;" "the inventor of perjury." It is said that before the publication of this book there had not been "a hypocrite, a tyrant, a traitor, a simulated virtue, or a convenient crime." The underlying principle of the book is that the end justifies the means. Reputable authors and historians attribute to the influence of this book the following crimes: Maurice of Saxony learned all his fradulent policy from this book: Since it has been translated into Turkish the Sultans have been more addicted than formerly to the custom of strangling their brothers: The manifold treasons of the House of Guise and the massacre of Bartholomew are to be attributed to this book, and even the Gunpowder Plot is the fruit of this one volume. Such a display of wickedness, naked, yet not ashamed, such cool, judicious, scientific

atrocity as is exhibited in this book seems to belong to a fiend rather than to the most depraved of men.

The Alexandrian Library contained seven hundred thousand volumes. Scholars have heaped execrations upon the head of the man who is said to have burned it. Modern discoveries, however, go to show that God must have interfered and overwhelmed these works of ancient civilization as He interfered and overwhelmed the cities of Sodom.

The geologist will take you to some rock formation, and will show you markings in the rock made by the waves, the track of birds, the print of leaves, the trail of worms and serpents. These markings were made in the mud. The sun hardened the mud into rock, and the rock has held these markings through all these centuries. So every evil book read by us leaves its mark upon our beings; these marks become a part of our beings. Will the centuries erase these despicable markings? I sincerely hope so, but I am afraid of it.

Let us turn away from this unpleasant phase of our subject. Let us go into our own libraries where only the best books find a place. Let us close the door and spend an hour or two with the most highly cultured men and women the world has ever produced. We are permitted to enter their presence; none are excluded. They will entertain us, speak to us; they will give to us their most beautiful, helpful thoughts; they will express to us their most refined feelings; they will extend to us their most profound sympathies! they will permit their spirits to touch our spirits; and they will pour their souls into our souls. Many of these men and women are long since dead, but from their urns they rule our spirits. Homer, Horace, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Tennyson, and Longfellow will recite their poems. Plato, Aristotle, and Descarte will teach their philosophy. Shakspeare will present his immortal dramas. Motley, Carlisle, Macaulay, and Bancroft will tell us about the great events of the world's history;

while Thomas a Kempis, Jermy Taylor, Fenelon, and Doddridge will lead us into the mysteries of godliness. These men are not dead. They shall never die. Many of them, if not all, are more alive to-day than they were centuries ago, and their lives are more potent for good. We have fallen heir to all these men and women thought and were; to all the richness of thought, feeling, and being. But we enter into this inheritance only by reading their works.

What an inspiration is a good book? How helpful they are! Blessed be good books! As Emerson says, "Give me a good book, health and a June day and I shall make the pomp of kings ridiculous." So he might. Coming under the influence of the best minds means receiving the best thoughts, and this means the highest character and the noblest life.

If you wish to be inspired to better living by the example of good men read Plutarch's "Lives of Illustrious Men." If you wish to see God in the vegetable world read Grant Allen's "How Plants

Grow." If you wish to be convinced of the wisdom of God walk with Agassiz through the animal kingdom. If you wish to hear the rocks, hills, and mountains bear their testimony to the existence, power, and goodness of God, listen to Hugh Miller as he interprets to you their testimony. If you wish the history of this country with all its lessons recited to you by a master mind, live for a time in the presence of Bancroft. If you wish to follow the light of revelation up to the Throne of God, and understand more clearly the depths of Divine love, and feel more fully the workings of Divine power in the realm of redemption, read Calvin, or Hodge, or Shedd, or Strong, or Watson. If you wish encouragement and comfort, and light for every day living read Myers, or Murray, or Miller, or Drummond. And if you wish to come into living, sanctifying contact with the incarnate Son of God read the Gospels. Thus instead of living under the influence of the ignorant, superficial and unworthy, you will live under the influence of master

minds; and master minds produce master thoughts, and master thoughts produce master lives.

Perhaps you will say that all this is for the few, not for the many. Indeed, I anticipated that objection, and made up my mind in presenting this subject I would keep within the bounds of the possible and practicable. What is here suggested is for all; if you have the inclination, the opportunity is yours.

V.

Sources of Thought: Persons.

The thought of some writers is not so clear. Take the following: "Nature is loved by what is best in us. It is loved as the city of God, although, or rather because there is no citizen." What author did I quote? Well, never mind. What is the thought of Emerson here? Does he mean to say that we would love nature more if man were not a part of nature? Well, I might, but I am sure that a woman would not. Go where you may and you find man; he is a part of nature. Man is an object of curiosity, astonishment, and sometimes admiration; more times he is an object of pity. The flowers and the trees, the rivers and oceans, the valleys and mountains have their influence on thought; so has man. Was it not Tennyson who said: "I

become a part of every man I meet?" This may be an extreme view. It can be said that we become a part of every object that we see; every object in nature suggests some thought, — the mountain, stability; the ocean, infinity; the river, peace; the flower, delicacy and love.

Perhaps Tennyson is right. Certainly one man has a mighty influence over another. I am thinking about society and companionship. We are deeply, and, perhaps, permanently influenced by the society in which we live, move, and have our being. I do not wish to quote this Scripture irreverently, but the thought is so true and applicable here. We do, indeed, receive our being from the society in which we live and move. I wish that I could have you understand, if you do not, what a force society is in giving to us thoughts of life and character. Our souls insensibly take in virtue or vice by the example or conversation of good or bad company. Thoughts are expressed, manners seen, deeds done, and a general deportment manifested that leave their im-

pression upon us. Superficial thoughts, coarse conversation, vulgar manners will have their due effect. As one writer says: "Intercourse with even commonplace, selfish persons will prove most injurious by inducing a dry, dull, and selfish condition of mind more or less inimical to true manliness and breadth of character." This is quite true. And I would add that the opposite effect is produced by the society of the true, pure, and good. I have gone from the presence of friends with the most intense longings for a beautiful life. I have gone from the presence of others with the profoundest distaste for what is coarse, vulgar, and wrong. But, unfortunately, this reaction against the wrong does not always follow. Live with persons of elevated character and you will be lifted; but, as the Spanish proverb says: "Live with wolves and you will learn to howl."

We must have society because we are social animals. But what society shall we have? We breathe a certain social atmosphere. The air we breathe enters

the blood and becomes a part of our beings. The flowers take their coloring from the sun. We take our coloring from the society in which we move. Society is the mould in which our characters are being formed. We set our tables as others do. We eat after the same fashion. We laugh at the same jokes. We enter or retire from a room after the same manner. We dress, or go half undressed, according to custom. Indeed, our whole lives are influenced by the society in which we live. The thoughts, words, sentiments, actions, manners, and general tone of the society in which we live are rapidly becoming a part of ourselves, and determining our culture.

Let me speak more particularly about friendships. "A faithful friend is the true image of the Deity." "Good company is the very sinew of virtue." "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." George Elliot said of a distinguished man: "Each epoch in his life could be distinctly marked by the introduction of a new friend." What an in-

fluence! The old fable, "I was common clay until a friend planted roses in me." is full of truth. Mrs. Browning asked Charles Kingsley for the secret of his life in order that she might try to make hers beautiful. His reply was: "I had a friend." A friend is for the purpose of giving to us the best that he has, and for the purpose of bringing out in us the very best that we have.

You will find the following sentence in the writings of an American author: "Our destiny is determined by our friendships." This appears from observation to be true. How many have decided their destiny by their friendships. The influence of companionship on character is simply beyond estimation. Did you ever know a great man but what owed his greatness largely to others greater than he? You never did. Did you ever know a man that had made a miserable failure of life but what had been helped to failure by others worse than he? You never did. Therefore we cannot be too careful in forming our friendships. We are not to

keep an open door like a street car to all who may care to enter. We must, of course, be courteous to all, but all must not claim our friendship. We are imitators. We learn more in the school of example than we learn in any other. Indeed, Burke asserts: "Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other." Nothing is so infectious as example. Two neighbors owned parrots. One parrot had been taught to sing hymns; the other had learned to swear. The neighbors agreed to hang the cages near to each other so that the parrot which swore might cease to swear and learn to sing hymns. The result was most dissapointing. The parrot that sang hymns ceased to sing hymns and learned to swear; while the one that swore refused to sing hymns, and became more profane than ever. This was the power of association. However, it worked the wrong way as it generally does. I know parents, christian parents, who allow their children to associate with doubtful children in order that they may elevate

them. I have seen the sad resultant of such unwise and dangerous experiments. No man, let alone a child, unless he is most firmly established, can be in the presence of a coarse, vulgar, vicious man or woman without being degraded. Shun the coarse, vulgar, vicious if you are at all anxious for culture.

It is so easy to be good while with some persons. They expect beautiful things of us. Consequently we do not disappoint them. Their presence is a continual inspiration. I met a young lady in Illinois. We were talking about friendships. She said to me "Mr. Herald, I made up my mind long ago that if I could not have a friend who would be a positive help to me in my life, I would not have a friend at all." Now, I admired that young lady very much for that sentiment. You will not be surprised when I tell you that that young lady is to-day one of the sweetest and most beautiful characters you will find. I know other young ladies who refused to give up doubtful associations; their lives are blighted.

Live in solitude all your days rather than take into your life an associate who is not good, whose influence would mar and soil your purity of soul. He who would pollute you is not your friend. The friend that does not help you to a better life is not worth having.

VI.

Sources of Thought: The Divine Spirit.

I am sure that you will agree with me when I say that we would be stupid, indeed, if we failed to recognize the influence of the Divine Spirit upon our minds and hearts. He is in the world. He is the mightiest force in the world for culture. He, the Spirit, touches our spirits; and He touches our spirits as no one else can. He is ever present; He is ever round and about us; He is ever in us. We are now convinced, I think, that the influence of thought on culture is almost infinite. What thoughts we receive from Him! If we ever have revelations they are from Him; if we ever have dreams of future good and greatness they are from Him; if we ever have glimpses of the King in His beauty the Spirit gives them; if we ever have visions

of the majesty, holiness, and truth of God, the Father, so that our souls are purged from sense and sin, the Spirit gives them. He throws light on the path of duty. He fills us with the determination to walk in the path of duty; and He strengthens our spirits so that we are able to walk in the path of duty. How we feel Him stirring at our hearts! What mighty impulses to right doing! He is continually presenting to our minds and hearts the highest, the noblest, the truest type of culture. And the highest, noblest, truest type of culture is the Man of Galilee. Let us, then, encourage the presence of the Spirit; obey His voice, follow his leadings, and he will fill us with thoughts divine; and he will help us to work these thoughts into our beings.

VII.

The Influence of Ideals.

This address would not be complete without a brief reference to our ideals. We have our ideals; unconsciously, perhaps, but we have them. So much depends on our ideals. The thoughts of our ideals yield a mighty influence on character. Young men of generous minds have their heroes; nations have their heroes. If not our poets would invent them for the inspiration of our youth. Who is your ideal? Who is your hero? I had an ideal once: A man with a sunburnt face, hands stained with tar, the sailor's roll to his walk; who could splice a rope and spin a sea yarn. This ideal influenced me mightily for a time. However, I rose above it. Then my soul went out in ardent desire to be a man who, standing upon the public platform, could

sway the crowds with his eloquence. But I have been forced to admit that this is an impossible ideal for me. Therefore, I have risen above. One morning before the sun had given any intimation of his coming I stood upon a foreign shore; and, as the southern sea rolled and broke at my feet, I took off my hat, bowed my head, and promised God that if he would open the way for me through university and seminary, and make me a clear, forcible preacher of His eternal truth, I would not ask anything more in this life.

"In youth, beside the lonely sea,
Voices and Visions came to me;
In every wind I felt the stir
Of some celestial messenger."

Shall I say that I have risen above that ideal? To-day I see as the end of my being the Man of Galilee. The desire of my heart is to be good. And the Man of Galilee is my ideal of goodness. He is the strongest, the most beautiful, the most refined character that has ever inspired this world. He is the highest possible type of culture.

Let me say in conclusion, although we do our best, thoughts that injure will enter; they intrude themselves; they hinder, they blight. Sometimes the flowers are nipped by the frost; they drop their leaves; they lose their bloom; they hang their heads; their life has been hindered, blighted. However, the sunshine, warmth, and moisture start the life again. They put forth new leaves, they bloom afresh, they lift their heads. So our lives are hindered, blighted by the intrusion of unworthy, evil thoughts. We lose the buoyancy, and the bloom, and the sweetness of our lives; we hang our heads. However, we come again into the sunshine; we lift our heads, and our lives are stronger, more beautiful, and more refined than ever.

Please remember this law in the physical world, — the attraction of the sun. The nearer an object is to the sun the greater the power of the sun's attraction upon the object. The nearer we live to the Sun of Righteousness the greater is His power in us for character and culture.

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